

MARSHALL COUNTY DEMOCRAT.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD FALL ALIKE UPON THE RICH AND THE POOR.—JACKSON.

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Business Directory.

Business Cards not exceeding three lines, inserted under this head, at \$1 per annum.
Persons advertising in the "Democrat" by the year, will be entitled to a Card in the Business Directory, without additional charge.

Marshall County Democrat

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and printed to order on short notice. Justices blanks printed to order, and on reasonable terms at this Office.

Selected Poetry.

TALK WITH THE DEPARTED.

By Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The vine-tree o'er our trellis
Hath twined a graceful screen,
And draped thy favorite casement
In purple blent with green—
But now autumnal saffron
Doth round each leaflet run,
And we gather in the clusters—
Dost thou know it, oh, my son?

There's a bridal 'neath our roof-tree,
The deathless chain is wove,
And the benediction uttered
By one whom God doth love;
And a gentle creature bendeth
Like a lily in its sphere,
As thronging friends surround her
With smile and word of cheer.

Draw near the charmed circle,
Look in these eyes of blue,
Gazed not into thine with love
When cloudless life was new?
And lighter than the young gazelle,
And playful as the fawn,
Roamed not those fairy feet with thine
Thy father's velvet lawn?

Press closer, see the beating
Of that bosom pure as snow,
That stirs the orange blossoms,
And the veil with silvery flow;
Slept she not in thy cradle,
Thy twin-souls linked in one?
Is she thine only sister?
Dost know her, oh, my son?

Unfold thy viewless pinion,
Clasp her in strong embrace,
The darling of our household,
The last of all my race;
Give her a brother's greeting,
A flower without a thorn,
Thou wert the idol of her heart
In life's delightful morn.

She, from a widowed heart-stone,
Returned flight doth take,
And for her priestly husband
A happy home will make:
A happy home she'll make him
Where'er may be their rest,
For a holy, dove-like sweetness
Is the temper of her breast.

There's one who museth lonely,
In the chamber where of old
She watched thy childhood sleeping
On the sunny pillowd fold,
She hath given the bride her blessing,
A blessing nobly won—
None are left at home to love her—
Dost know it, oh, my son?

Why question thus the spirit?
Upon its unknown way,
That robed in mystery, holds no more
Affinity with clay;
Affinity with sorrow,
With the bitter tear that flows,
With the falling of the streamlet,
Or the fading of the rose.

Why question thus the spirit?
From the mortal ties set free;
It speaks no dialect of earth,
It may not answer thee,
Cling to the faith of Jesus,
Hold to the Glorious Head
That binds in one communion
The living and the dead.

OUT OF WORK.

By SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

'It's no use, Maria, I have tried every-
where.'
'But you are not going to give it up Pe-
ter.'

'Give up? How can I help it? Within
four days I have been to every book bind-
ery in the city, and not a bit of work can
I get.'

'But have you tried anything else?'
'What else can I try?'
'Why, anything that you can do.'

'Yes, I've tried other things. I have
been to more than a dozen of my friends,
and offered to help them if they would hire
me.'

'And what did you mean to do for
them?'
'I offered either to post their accounts,
make out bills, or attend to the counter.'

Mrs. Stanwood smiled at her husband
thus spoke.
'What makes you smile?' he asked.
'To think you should have imagined that
you would find work in such a place. But
how is Mark Leeds?'

'How so?'
'He has nothing in his house to eat.'
A shudder crept over his wife's frame
no more.

upon his purse, even when work was plen-
ty, but now—there was nothing.

'Maria,' said he, stopping and gazing
his wife in the face, 'we must starve. I
have not a single penny in the world.'

'But do not despair, Peter. Try a-
gain to-morrow for work. You may find
something to do. Anything that is honest
is honorable. Should you make but a shil-
ling a day, we should not starve.'

'Trust to me for that. The landlord
shall not turn us out. If you will engage
to find something to do, I will see that we
have house room.'

'I'll make one more trial,' uttered Peter
despairingly.
'But you must go prepared to do any-
thing.'

'Anything reasonable, Maria.'
'What do you call reasonable?'
'Why—anything decent.'

The wife felt inclined to smile, but the
matter was too serious for that, and a cloud
passed over her face. She knew her hus-
band's dispositions, and she felt sure he
would find no work. She knew he would
look for some kind of work which would
not lower him in the social scale, as he had
once or twice expressed it. However, she
knew it would be of no use to say anything
to him now, and she let the matter pass.

On the following morning, the last bit
of food in the house was put upon the table.
Stanwood could hardly realize that he
was penniless and without food. For
years he had been gay, thoughtless, and
fortunate, making the most of the present,
forgetting the past, and leaving the future
to take care of itself. Yet the truth was
naked and clear; and when he left the house
he said—

'Something must be done.'
No sooner had the husband gone, than
Mrs. Stanwood put on her bonnet, and
shawl. Her eldest child was a girl seven
years old, and her youngest four. She
asked her next door neighbor if she would
take care of her children until noon—
These children were known to be good and
quiet, and they were taken cheerfully.—
Then Mrs. Stanwood looked up her house
and went away. She returned at noon,
bringing some dinner for her children, and
then she went away again. She came
home in the evening before her husband,
carrying a heavy basket on her arm.

'Well, Peter,' she asked, after her hus-
band had entered and sat down, 'what
luck?'
'Nothing! nothing!' he groaned. 'I made
out to get a dinner from an old chum, but
I could not find work.'

'And where have you looked to-day?'
'O—everywhere. I've been to a hun-
dred places, but it's the same story every-
where. It's nothing but one eternal
no, no. I'm sick and tired of it.'

'What have you offered to do?'
'Why, I've even went so far as to offer to
tend liquor store down town.'

The wife smiled.
'Now what shall we do?' uttered Peter
spasmodically.
'Why, we will eat supper first, and talk
the matter over.'

'Supper! Have you got any?'
'Yes, plenty of it.'
'But you told me you had none.'

'Neither had you this morning, but I've
been after work to-day, and found some.'
'You! You been after work?' uttered
the husband in surprise.

'Yes.'
'But how—where—what?'
'Why, first I went to Mrs. Snows. I
knew her girl was sick, and I hoped she
might have work to be done. I went to
her and told her my story, and she set me
at work at once doing her washing. She
gave me food to bring home to my children,
and paid me three shillings when I got
through.'

'What you been washing for our
butcher's wife?' said Peter, looking very
much surprised.
'Of course I have, and have thereby
earned enough to keep us in food through-
out to-morrow, at any rate so to-morrow you
may come home to dinner.'

'But how about the rest?'
'Oh, I have seen Mr. Simpson, told him
just how we were situated, and offered him
my watch as pledge for the payment of
our rent within two months, with the in-
terest on arrearages up to date. I told him
I did the business because you were away
haunting up work.'

'So he's got your gold watch?'
'No, he wouldn't take it. He said if I
would become responsible for the rent, he
would let it rest.'

'Then we've got a roof to cover us, and
food for to-morrow. But what next?'
'What a curse these times are!'
'Don't despair, Peter, for we shall not
starve. I've got work enough to keep
us alive.'

'Ah—what is that?'
'Why, Mr. Snow has engaged me to car-
ry small packages, baskets, bundles, &c.,
to his rich customers. He has had to give
up one of his horses.'

'What do you mean, Maria?'
'Just what I say. When Mr. Snow came
home to dinner, I was there, and asked
him if he ever had light articles which he
wished to send around to his customers.
Never mind all that was said. He did
happen to want just such work done, though
he had meant to call upon the idlers that
lounge about the market. He promised to
give me all the work he could, and I am
to be there in good season to-morrow
morning.'

'Well, this is a pretty go. My wife
turned butcher's boy! You will not do any
such thing.'

'And why not?'
'Because—because—'
'Say because it will lower me in the so-
cial scale.'

'Well; so it will.'
'When it is more honorable to lay still
and starve, and see one's children starve,
too, than to earn honest bread by honest
work. I tell you, Peter, if you cannot
find work, I must. We should have been

without bread to-night, had not I found
work to-day. You know that all kinds of
light agreeable business are seized upon
by those who have particular friends, and
engaged in them. At such a time as this,
it is not for us to consider what kind of
work we will do, so long as it is honest.
Oh, give me liberty of living upon my own
deserts, and the independence to be gov-
erned by my own convictions of what is
right.'

'But my wife, only think—your carrying
out butcher's stuff. Why, I would sooner
go and do it myself.'

'If you will go,' said the wife, with a
smile, 'I will stay at home and take care of
the children.'

It was hard for Peter Stanwood, but the
more he thought upon the matter, the more
he saw the justice and right of the path
into which his wife had thus led him.
Before he went to bed, he promised that
he would go to the butcher's the next mor-
ning.

And Peter Stanwood went upon his new
business. Mr. Snow greeted him warmly,
praised his faithful wife, and then sent him
off with baskets, one to a Mrs. Dixall's.
And the new carrier worked all day, and
when it came night he had earned nine-
teen cents. It had been a day of trials,
but no one sneered at him, all his ac-
quaintances whom he met, greeted him the
same as usual. He was far happier now
than he was when he went home the
night before, for now he was independ-
ent.

On the next day he earned over a dollar;
and thus he continued to work for a week,
at the end of which he had five dollars
and seventy-five cents in his pocket, be-
sides having paid for all the food for his
family, save some few pieces of meat Snow
had given them. Saturday evening he met
Mark Leeds, another book-binder, who had
been discharged from work with himself.
Leeds looked care-worn and rusty.

'How goes it?' asked Peter.
'Don't ask me,' groaned Mark. 'My
family are half starved.'
'But can't you find anything to do?'

'Nothing.'
'Have you tried?'
'Everywhere; but it's no use. I have
pawed all my clothes save those I have on.
I've been to the bindery to-day, and
what do you suppose he offered me?'

'What was it?'
'Why, he offered to let me do his hand-
carting! He had just turned off his nigger
for drunkenness, and offered me the
place! The old curmudgeon! I had a
great mind to pitch him into the hand-car-
t and run him to the—'

'Well,' said Peter, 'if I had been in your
place I should have taken up with the of-
fer.'

Waterspouts—A True Sketch.

From the New Albany Tribune.

By A "SALT."

Every reader has, no doubt, seen a de-
scription on paper of these singular phe-
nomena, but few, even of those who "go
down to the sea in ships," have been so for-
tunate—or unfortunate—as to obtain a near
view of them in propria persona. When seen
at a distance, they present the appearance
of a volume of water poured from a heavy
cloud which assumes the appearance, and
takes upon itself, the office of a tunnel.—
The ocean, at the point where the column
of water strikes it, is lashed into foam,
which, against a dark horizon, may be seen
at a distance of miles. Impelled, seem-
ingly, by an upper current of air, they move
along the surface of the water, when not
a cat's paw can be discerned to ruffle the
glassy mirror of the deep. When too
near to be welcome neighbors, the curious
connection between sea and sky may be
broken by a discharge of cannon, or even
of a musket, as will appear in the incident
I am about to narrate. I will not pre-
sume to speculate on their cause—of
their effect I can speak somewhat know-
ingly.

Several opportunities had been offered me
of seeing water spouts at a distance, and
the wish for a nearer view was, perhaps
natural, though I must confess to rather an
uneasy feeling when it was unexpectedly
gratified. The good ship, of whose crew
I formed an unit, was at the time, cruising
for whales in the vicinity of the Gallipago
Islands, lying on the "line," in the Pacific
Ocean. Being a "right whaler," our en-
ergies were mainly directed to the destruc-
tion of the mighty denizens of the far
northern regions. We had toiled hard
through months of cold dreary weather, in
the latitudes where the changes of day and
night occur but semi-occasionally, and
were now on a sort of roving commission
in more genial climes, ready to snap up any
stray sperm whale providence might cast
in our way.

It chanced to be my "trick" at mast-
head at four bells (10 o'clock) of a beau-
tiful calm forenoon. The sky was clear over-
head, and though heavy black clouds, evi-
dently charged with moisture, were hang-
ing around the horizon, none of them show-
ed an inclination to wring out in our neigh-
borhood. Whales were decidedly scarce.
Since "stowing down" the greasy part of
four which we had picked out of a "school"
on the coast of California a month previ-
ous, the watchful mast-heads had been un-
able to "raise" a "single blow" to vary the
monotony of the scene. The exertion of
holding one's head erect for two long hours
is by no means insignificant, particularly
in a fearful manner, like rats from their
holes in high water. The ship was com-
pletely water-logged. As soon as possible
the pumps were rigged, but we pumped
fresh water twelve hours before we freed
her. This was our principal experience in
that nautical abomination during the voy-
age, for she was a staunch old craft, and
as light as a bottle. Several days were re-
quired to repair the damages, and when the
carpenter had constructed a set of new
hatches the "old man" took particular
pains to see that they were barred down
upon the least indication of squally weath-
er.

Although we had no opportunity of see-
ing what had struck this sudden blow, we
were unanimous in the opinion that it was
a young water spout. And in my wander-
ings, thenceforth, on the vast deep, I felt
bound to acknowledge that in the case of
these wonders, that "distance" most em-
phatically "lends enchantment to the
view."

In the story of "Emily Oxford, or Life in
Australia," we find the following incident
of George Flower, a famous and mounted
policeman, who was sent out to hunt up
a very notorious bush ranger, named Mil-
ligham.

He met Milligham as a fellow ranger,
and who supposed Flower to be dead. Af-
ter some conversation Flower said:

'Now suppose a mounted policeman—a
thief taker—a fellow of real pluck—were
to come upon you when you were alone,
and challenge you to surrender, what
would you do, would you draw your trig-
ger at once and not give him a chance?'

'No,' cried Milligham, 'I would tell him
to stand off and fight for it.'

'Milligham,' said Flower still keeping his
eagle eye upon him, 'are you speaking the
truth?'

'Yes, so help me Heaven!'

'Now let us suppose,' continued Flower,
'that such a man as that George Flower—
the fellow that was drowned the other day—
was to be in the same position with you as
I am now.'

'I'd tell him,' said Milligham 'that one of
us must certainly die, and challenge him to
fight fair.'

kept a couple of loaded muskets, with
which the officers were wont to while away
tedious hours in hazardous slots at such
sea fowl as approached sufficiently near the
vessel. Seizing one of these he mounted
the bulwarks and discharged it in the di-
rection of the water spout. The agitation
of the water continued a moment longer,
and then, without further demonstration
suddenly ceased, while the funnel over-
head slowly drew itself up into the cloud,
which passed harmlessly over. Whether
it would have occasioned any material
damage I cannot say, but the numerous
stories current among seamen of ships sub-
merged, and all hands hurried into eterni-
ty without a moment's warning, had agi-
tated unpleasant feelings in my mind on its
near approach, and it was with a feeling of
providential escape from imminent danger
that I again mounted my perch on the top-
gallant cross trees, from which I had made
a rapid descent by means of the backstays
when I ascertained the nature of the un-
usual visitor.

A still nearer—I can scarcely say view—
of one, at a subsequent period, only served
to confirm my dread of those marine won-
ders.

We had stopped, in our passage around
Cape Horn, to cruise for a few weeks off
the Rio de la Platte, or River Plate, as it is
known to sailors. The day was dark and
squally with constant heavy showers pass-
ing over; just such a day as may be look-
ed for seven times a week in that vicinity.
The mast head men had fortunately been
ordered down a short time previous to the
occurrence I am about to relate. The
watch had gathered under the hurricane
hoses—a tolerable excuse for shelter—to
keep off the heaviest of the rain, and the
"